



AS the education of the future is to be largely through pictures, we feel that the hoary-headed fakes on this page should not go a moment longer uncorrected. "Columbus he came over here in 1492: New York it was a vacant lot, if history be true"—runs the poem. But both the poem and the picture are wrong. Columbus landed on Watlings Island, in the West Indies. He may have discovered the bird that barks like a dog down there, but he didn't discover America: that honor belongs to John Cabot. Nor was Columbus greeted by any chorus of Indian maidens, as here shown.

Unmaking

Photographs by Bro



IF we were a more unscrupulous editor we should present this as an exclusive picture of William Tell shooting the apple off his son's head, made on the spot by our exclusive artist for us exclusively. But we are honest though poor. William never did it. The first time in history that any one ever shot an apple off his son's head is in an old Norse saga written in the thirteenth century. Schiller, reading the saga, grabbed the incident and attributed it to William Tell. If Schiller were living to-day he would be a war correspondent.



"HANG a lantern aloft in the belfry arch [said brave Paul Revere], One if by land, and two if by sea; And I on the opposite shore will be, Ready to ride and spread the alarm Through every Middlesex village and farm." As a matter of fact, Paul actually did make his famous ride; but the lanterns were not hung out for him. He knew all the time that the British were coming by sea. The lanterns were hung as a warning to the villagers in case Paul should fail to reach them. So it's not the artist who needs correcting in this case, but the late Mr. Longfellow. Sometimes we think we will never believe any of those poets again.



WE feel sure that good old General Israel Putnam, second in command to Washington, made a great ride for reinforcements and suffered a hot pursuit on a cold February day in 1779. But on his way to Stamford from Greenwich, Connecticut, did he plunge his horse down the famous stone steps? It has been said that he took a cow-path short cut to the bottom of the steps, and there waved his sword derisively at the British, who returned the salute by a bullet through his hat. But the old story is just as good and as authentic as this one, and the General would have ridden down if necessary. So did he? He did.



KING ALFRED THE GREAT, traveling incognito, put up one night at a farmhouse, and the good lady asked him to tend the cakes while she put the baby to bed. Alf let them burn, and was burned in consequence by her sharp tongue. A good story, children, showing that even a king can do wrong, and that you can't eat your cake and burn it too. The only trouble with this tale is that it was told first about a certain saint who antedates Alfred by several centuries; whereas most of the stories about Alfred did not get into circulation until a hundred years after the good king had gone to kingdom come.

IF James Montgomery Flagg is in the audience, we wish he would step forward and make a few corrections in this picture of the late Mr. Cocles at the bridge. Mr. Cocles is more familiar to the public under his given name, Horatius. Now, whether Mr. Cocles ever held the Etruscan forces back single-handed or not, he certainly didn't look like this when he did it. And it couldn't have occurred in a place like this, where the Etruscans might so easily have slipped a log across the stream a few feet farther downstream, and slipped behind Mr. Cocles and stabbed him in the back. Mr. Flagg? Forward, please.